Yankee Doings

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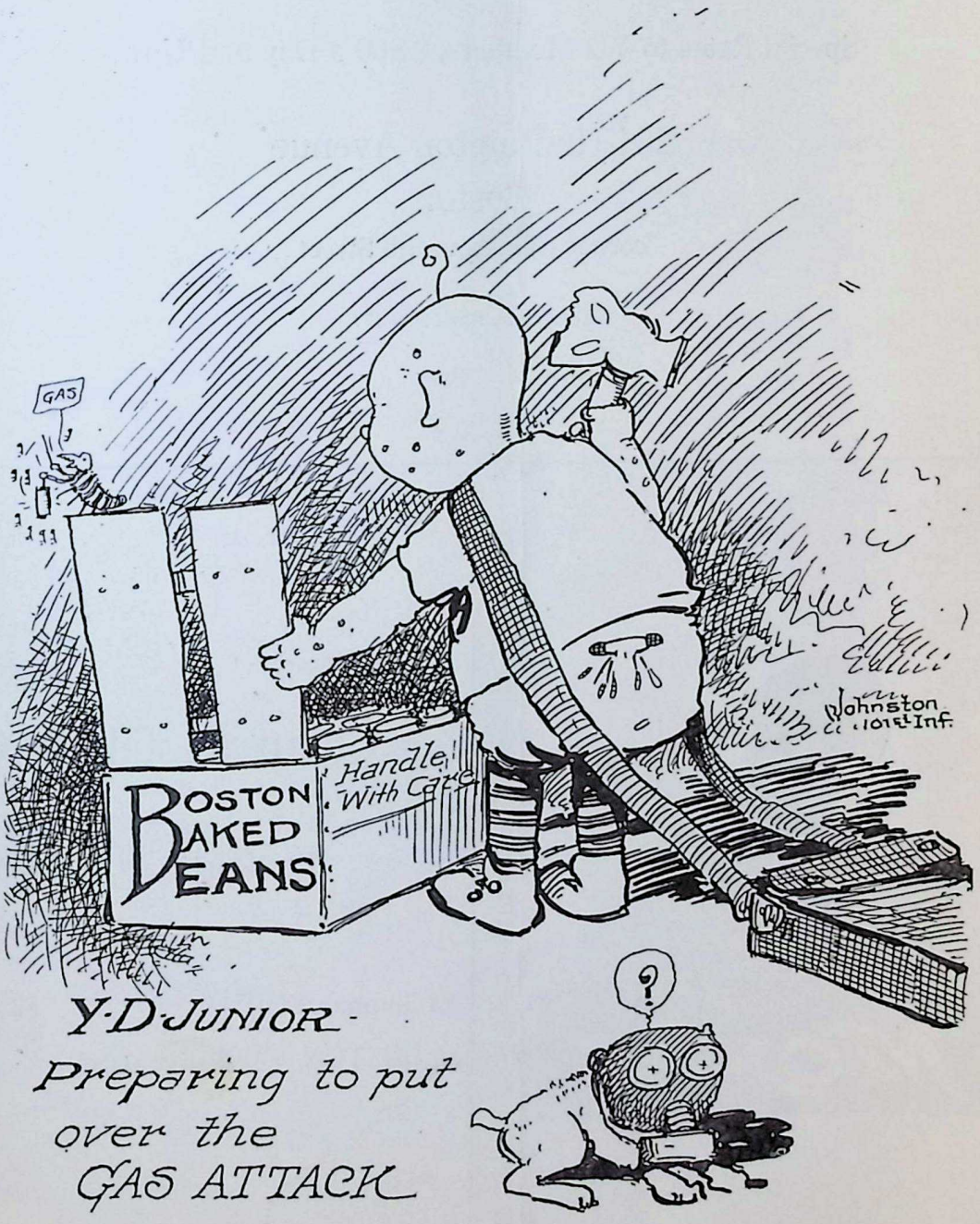

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YANKEE DOINGS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS' ASSOCIATION
200 HUNTINGTON AVENUE, BOSTON, MASS.

GEORGE R. ELLIOTT, *President* — ORA L. FARNSWORTH, *Secretary*

SUBSCRIPTION FOR NON-MEMBERS OF ASSOCIATION, $1.00 PER YEAR

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YD BUSINESS DIRECTORY

Listings for YD men only. One line 6 mos. $3.00; One year $5.50. Two lines 6 mos. $5.50; One year $10.00

Accountants

S. L. BELSON, (Div. Hq.), 44 Bromfield St. Tel. Main 7081.

Automobiles

JOHN A. FLEMING, (102 Inf.), Durant Cars, 1037 Com. Ave. Bri. 4280.

Banks and Investments

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J. P. LANE, (Div. Hq.), Stone & Webster, Inc., 147 Milk St.
D. S. LYONS, (101 Inf.), Kidder, Peabody & Co., 115 Devonshire St.
WAYLAND M. MINOT, (102 F. A.), S. W. Straus & Co., 55 Congress St.

Insurance

C. P. GORELEY, (Engrs.), 60 State St., Room 521. Tel. Main 2099.

Lumber

BENJAMIN JAMES, (101 F. A.), James Lumber Co., 88 Broad St.

Machinery

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Plumbing and Heating

R. D. CROOK, (103 Inf.), A. Smith & Co., 66b Hunt. Ave. Tel. B.B. 979.

Printing and Engraving

WALTER W. ANNABLE, (101 F. A.), The Berkeley Press, 530 Atlantic Ave., Boston.
ROGER L. HARVEY, (101 Engrs.), 136 Federal St., Room 501. Tel. Cong. 5865.

Safes

W. H. KLOCK, (B Co., 104 Inf.), Herring-Hall Marvin Safe Co., 165 Devonshire St., Boston.

Tours

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This gives one an opportunity to keep before the YD public at a very low rate. Do not wait to be solicited; just send in your line or two lines and note that fifty-eight spaces on your typewriter make a line for this column.

EDITORIAL JAZZ

"Oh Mister Editor, oh Mister Editor—"
"If you're in again be snappy, Mister Nard."
"Sure last month upon these pages
M. T. Wallett blew his wages
Taking title to a Paris boulevard."
"Oh Mister Nard, oh Mister Nard,
He invited you and Dick and Pete Bouchard
Also Georges and Rufe Leeks
And the other dizzy Greeks—"
"I'll have cone-yak, Mister Editor."
"You'll have patience, Mister Nard."

"Oh Mister Editor, oh Mister Editor,
There's a raft of junk in France I'd love to cop.
They have landmarks by the ton,
All ingredients for a bun,
But mere wishing won't seduce a single drop."
"Oh Mister Nard, oh Mister Nard,
Never mind that late lamented stuff, three-starred.
Name the relic you would buy
If the limit were the sky."
"Bought and paid for, Mister Editor."
"Please to wise us, Mister Nard."

"Oh Mister Editor, oh Mister Editor,
As I stated, France has landmarks by the score.
But my *souvenir de guerre*
Is the dock at St. Nazaire,
For it thrilled my heart as nothing did before."
"Oh Mister Nard, oh Mister Nard,
Do I follow you, or lead you by a yard:
Did you land on that there wharf?"
"Nix; that's where my boat shoved-off.
Do you get me, Mister Editor?"
"Grab the marbles, Mister Nard."

—FULLER P. NARD

AUXILIARY DANCES

Informal dances will be held by the YD Auxiliary at the YD Club of Boston monthly during the winter season. The next will be on Saturday, December 8. Spread the word, and be there.

BOSTON CLUB SMOKERS

The Boston YD Club Smokers have become an institution. Count on them the first Thursday of every month. Next date is December 6th. Every Smoker is a Reunion. You will find the crowd there, an attraction in itself worth coming a long distance for.

SO HELP US

One YD man, who has been listed for the past two years in the "YD Business Directory" in DOINGS, reports business amounting to $8,000 traceable directly to one connection established through this medium. What are *you* going to do about it?

Billy Does Some Mopping Up (V)

By William C. Levere

MY FRENCH HOME

Monsieur Grandjean stood in his door as I came down the *rue de France*. It was early in the day and evidently trade was dull in Neufchateau. I waved and waved again before he saw me, and when he did he was puzzled for a moment. Suddenly recognition came and he waved his arms like a wind-mill. This was my welcome back to Neufchateau after three years. Neufchateau was my home in France during the years of the war. Though I often went afield for weeks, and to a distance, I always came back to the three-century-old house at *un place Jeanne d'Arc* for shelter and a fixed domicile.

Mary, Queen of Scots, used to say that when she died the name Calais would be found on her heart. I feel sure if any name is found on mine, it will be Neufchateau. In that village of the Vosges, events crowded swift and fast, stamping indelible memories as they came and weaving themselves so into the fiber of life,—at times the grimmest of tragedy, again the very essence of comedy,—that they inevitably became part of your soul and mind.

Monsieur Grandjean declared that Neufchateau was *tres calme*. If ever a man was right he was. I had expected to find this little corner of northeastern France quiet, but the stillness in which it was bathed was absolute. Even the cobblestones on which the wooden sabots of the people once rang out a weird melody seemed to have lost their echo. Neufchateau during the war had a population of fifty thousand. The greater part was American. There was a normal population of four thousand, but added to this modest number was a host of refugees from the north, a great number of French soldiers and enough scattered representatives of almost every tribe on earth to make a large community in itself. Even Germany was well represented, for all through the conflict there was a large camp of war prisoners.

I had come to Neufchateau to find it normal. The American population had sunk to two, the lieutenant who had married the jeweler's daughter and the corporal who had opened a garage. Today Neufchateau is so *calme* that the arrival of a stranger in town is an event. It mattered not who it was, and so I hope this recognition of a common fact will not make me seem vain when I say the return of *Monsieur Billee* (for they still think that diminutive commonly used by the soldiers is my surname) was a matter of town gossip. It did me good to find that so many of my French friends remembered me.

Monsieur Grandjean's outcries had brought madame out of the shop, closely followed by Monsieur Bertand, the assistant, and even the bound-boy, Jean, a mere child when last I saw him but now the fine figure of a lad of fifteen. Such an unusual crowd on the street brought Monsieur Gerardin from his little barber shop, and then his wife and then his son, and old Marcel, the woodman, and Monsieur Colondot, from the *epercerie*, all happy to see someone who brought back memories of the old days.

The war-time days in Neufchateau were full of pleasant memories as well as sad ones for its people and not the least of these was the tie that bound the Americans to the French people. These French people had reason to love the American soldiers. The *soldat Americain* had come not only to fight for them, but in the faces and eyes of these boys the French saw again their own boys, who three years before had left them, so many never to come back.

Neufchateau bore the scars of war heavily. The original regiment that had gone from this region had been replaced and replaced until it had had thirty-three thousand men on its rolls. The first two hundred boys to go to war from Neufchateau had all been killed. So it was that when we carried the stars and stripes down the *rue de France* the first time in the early fall of 1917, Neufchateau had adopted us and has felt that it has owned us ever since.

Though Neufchateau was near the front and once, in 1914, its inhabitants had fled before the approaching foe, the enemy had never quite got through. At times the night breezes bore the sound of distant guns and ever so often the airplanes came across the border and made uneasy our slumbers with their unwelcome visits, still the havoc wrought was so small compared to the devastation to the north, that it was taken as part of the day's gifts and let go at that.

Some of the merchants I had known in Neufchateau had sold their shops and moved away. Some of them, it was said, had retired in affluence. It was good to be in trade in Neufchateau in war-time. The American soldier was the most generous spender in the world. His pay, compared to that of the other allies, was enviable. Some of our boys received remittances from home and a few had the regular pay check from a generous employer. This plenty was expended with a free hand and the merchants of the *rue de France* and *rue St. Jean* prospered accordingly. But though some of the old timers had gone, there were many who remained, and even those with whom you were the least acquainted manifested pleasure at seeing an American again.

There were many who were actually homesick with desire to see the Americans return. In one of the shops was a beautiful young French girl, who was in her midteens when Neufchateau was the American zone of advance. The American officers had petted her as they would their own children at home and everybody admired Mademoiselle Louise. It was the happiest time of her life and as she recalled those days to me a few weeks ago, tears came to her eyes and she longed for the return of her American friends.

I suppose I visited every merchant in Neufchateau during my stay there for if I attempted to pass a shop without entering, they soon called me back. There was not one of these kindly folks but had a list of names of Americans whom they had known during the war and some of them carried on a regular correspondence until you thought of that robust old expression "hands across the sea." Surely all this good feeling which is true in Neufchateau, extends to a thousand other French towns, and what a degree of comity it must create between two nations. Politicians may scold and sour-faces may predict, but after all, these human

friendships are a chain vibrant with emotions that contain eternal elements.

I climbed the narrow aisles of *rue St. Jean* to the *place Jeanne d'Arc*. There, waiting for me, was the stalwart figure in bronze of the Maid of Orleans, dominating the little circle of which she was the center. Facing her were the lattice windows of number *un* from which I was wont to throw her a morning kiss as my first greeting of the day during the long months I lived here. Yonder was the charming house, going back to the Renaissance period, where General Clarence Edwards of the fighting twenty-sixth had his home and just by *rue Neuve*, as it went tilting down the hill, was where General Logan of the one hundred and first infantry lived. I shall always remember him not only for his soldierly qualities but also because he gave me a turkey on Thanksgiving morning of 1917. Up the *rue St. Nicholas* was the stately church where during the war so many soldiers worshipped, the Catholic boys going to mass in one part of the church and the Protestants in another. On moonlight evenings I used to glory in the sheer beauty of its spire, and shiver at the thought of what a target it offered the airplanes. If ever I favored a law that required the taking in of church spires at night, it was then.

The place in Neufchateau which filled my mind with golden recollections was on the road to Nancy. I went toward the sight of my old hut almost hesitatingly. There I had been master of a road-house through whose doors came trooping the gallant and the brave of my country. Their merry laughter had never grown silent in the halls of my memory. Their voices were still gay with the chanting of youth. As I neared the place where I had shared with so many of them hours freighted with life in its fullness, the scenes of that time pressed hard on one another. Here was the spot from which many of them went out to die and I could still see them as they reached the door and turned back for a last, long look at companions they would never see again and a happiness which they loved and in some dim, half-conscious way knew they had lost. And now I looked upon a desolate spot. The hut with its dark blue walls and its crimson flags was gone. The spacious room which the yellow sun lit up with radiant color, its hanging pictures, alive with glow, its singing canaries, its dishes with their steaming cheer, had disappeared as if some modern magician had touched a key and wished it to another sphere. The deep meadow where the hut had stood was given back to Nature. Wiry grass and pungent weeds were all that was left to fill the picture. I only had to shut my eyes to see the stage again that once stood there. To see the footlights and the scenery, painted by prisoners of war. To hear the voices in recitation and song, and to see the upturned faces of American boys in khaki. And then I opened my eyes and it was all a dream. Perhaps it had never been at all.

And then I turned and across the way in the gateway of the chateau stood gracious and glorious Madam Garcin, the beloved of the many soldier boys she had blessed. The daughter of a French general, the widow of a French general, she had devoted her estate to the care of the youth from America, which she loved, for her mother was a Virginian. Her heart was stirred immeasurably the day the American soldiers had marched into the village. She wondered if these boys would understand the English she spoke, for it had been years since she had essayed it. To her delight the first boy she spoke to understood her perfectly. Well he might, for she speaks the tongue of her mother with a perfection which many an American might well envy. In the lovely chateau, we talked of "John" and "Bobbie" and "Whitey" and other well-remembered youths of the wartime. The great heart of the noble old lady harbors the memory of these boys to whom she was a mother when they were far from their own.

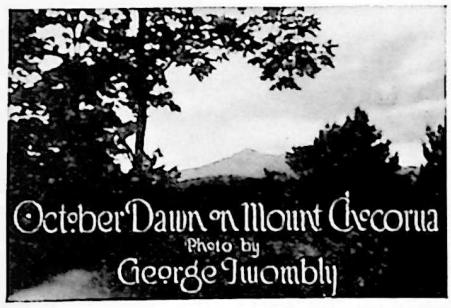
As I passed through the streets of the French town, I grew to understand that its chief attraction had gone forever. Truly it was good to see these dear French friends again. It was a real happiness to see the town where amid storm and stress one had learned to serve. But the supreme factor which had made the hard things of those other days worth bearing was missing. The scenery was still there, the stage was set, but the actor was absent. The American soldier had gone.

SIGNAL CORPS SIGNALS

By George W. Twombly

There was a pretty good attendance at the October meeting and plans were discussed—not disgust—as to the feasibility of holding a banquet this year. A committee was appointed to look into the matter so you'll hear later on as to what is decided. Probably return postcards will be sent out, and if so, I hope that all will reply promptly and—"Yes, we have no other engagements that night."

BUDDY KIMBALL has returned to Boston after several months in New York City. I understand that he is now with a construction company that is remodeling the old Siegel Building.



Ordinarily in such a case as this (and it's a wet case) it wouldn't be just right to mention any names, but ED. CASSIDY—sh-h-h-, he is on the State Constabulary—still has his nose right on the "Vin Rouge" Trail! Now, it would spoil it all to stop here, so I'll add that Ed was one of the leaders in bringing about that big liquor haul in Scituate a short time ago. Well, that changes the whole situation!

ROY CORWIN in September spent a week or ten days up here but he did not get around as much as he wished. Roy is now at Puerto Castilla, Honduras, and, as you know, is with the United Fruit Company. There are many YD fellows there in his division.

It will soon be time for anniversary greetings, but in case there are some of you who do not know it, I would have the world know that on June 24 (this year) "LEFTY" GLYN and Mary J. Garnham were married in Boston. Their honeymoon was spent in Bar Harbor.

Why is it that some people persist in eating? Only last week, so "SHINE" EDWARDS reports, ERNIE HOULE had an attack of acute indigestion and nearly passed out. Of course, we are glad to report that he soon recovered and is now O.K.

On July 8, Mr. and Mrs. "MIKE" KING were presented with a 9¼-pound daughter—Barbara Ruth. MIKE is quite sure he remembered her middle name correctly.

If anybody has wondered why there have not been as many fish as usual along the shore, it is no doubt due to the fact that a great number of pollock and haddock have been caught up at the Isle of Shoals. Numerous week-ends this past summer, MULHERIN and LEFTY GLYNN have journeyed there, and on one occasion a 23-pound cod was landed.

The Ladies' Auxiliary held the first meeting of the season on Tuesday, October 2, at the home of Mrs. J. H. Nichols. There were about 30 members present.

We have with us again, after a five months' trip in the Middle West, ALLEN T. SMITH, who, while in Chicago, had a very pleasant visit with ARCHIE McPHERSON. Needless to say, the war was all fought over again, and that must have been the day we thought we heard sounds of distant battle. Boom, boom!

I was fortunate enough to be invited to spend Columbus Day and the week-end in North Conway, N. H., making the trip by auto. The weather was perfect and I only wish that I could describe the extreme beauty of the foliage. The yellows and reds were wonderful, but in some places the orange shades were beautiful beyond description. Mount Chocorua was majestic! Too bad that the print herewith cannot be reproduced in colors. Probably there are few New Hampshire mountains that have more universal interest than Chocorua, named after an Indian chief. The legend is that the Indians were pressed for payment of taxes by the white men who chased the Chieftain of the Sokokis up the mountain. When he was trapped by his pursuers at the peak of the highest precipice, he cursed the day when the white men invaded his peaceful realm and leaped to his death on the jagged rocks far below. It was wonderful the morning that I started to get the peak just below the center of the arch-like branch and to me this picture has resemblance to a Japanese print.

RAY CORLISS and "AL" NEWHALL spent their vacation in September in New York and Mineola. On their way back, they stopped in Hartford to see GEORGE HERRIOT and "BUB" MORRILL. George is with the Tusca Radio, but lives in Windsor, and "Bub" is with the Ætna Life Insurance Company.

In August, the mother and sisters of ZARKIS ZARTARIAN came over from Armenia and they are now all living in Arlington. This is "Zark's" last year at Tech.

A letter from JAMES H. LIGHTBOURNE informs me of the birth of Peg on July 10 last; this being the third arrival since his return. J. H. attended the convention of V. F. W. in Norfolk during August and ran across a few YD men, but none from the Signal Battalion. Somebody told him that a KELLY of the Signal Corps was there, but he failed to find him.

'FRISCO ENTERTAINS THE YD

The YD men of San Francisco sprung a pleasant surprise on the members of the Division who journeyed to their city for the Legion Convention by arranging a reunion dinner at La Favorita Restaurant on the evening of October 17. Comrade C. A. S. Frost is suspected of being the instigator. About one hundred were present, including General Edwards. If we are to believe Johnny Hyatt, and we do, it was one grand party.

YD AUXILIARY

During the summer the Auxiliary room was re-decorated and changes effected affording more commodious quarters. Thanks are due to the House Committee, Miss Charlotte Flynn, Chairman, and to those who have contributed various articles needed to complete the furnishing and which add so much to the comfort of the members.

Every Wednesday afternoon the ladies of the Auxiliary will be "at home" to all 26th Division men and their families. It is hoped to strengthen the cordial relations that already exist between the men and the Auxiliary members. Come one, come all! The more the merrier. Tea will be served.

The Auxiliary is conducting a series of Whist parties at the clubhouse every Wednesday evening at eight o'clock, with the exception of the second Wednesday in the month, regular meeting night. The admission fee is twenty-five cents and prizes for ladies and gentlemen are given at each party.

A dance will be held every month at the clubhouse under the auspices of the Auxiliary, to which all YD men and their families are invited. The first will take place November 10th. These dances will be informal. There will be excellent music from eight to twelve o'clock. Refreshments will be served. Tickets will be fifty cents each. It is hoped there will be a large attendance to maintain a social atmosphere at the YD Club, as well as add to the Auxiliary funds, to help carry on its work.

A business meeting of the Auxiliary took place at the YD clubhouse Wednesday evening, October 10th. After the meeting the members had the rare pleasure of hearing Mr. Tuck, violinist, who gave several beautiful selections. Thanks to Mrs. Harry Stanfield, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, for securing the services of Mr. Tuck, who ranks as one of the foremost violinists in the country. Refreshments were served as usual.

The Executive Committee met on Friday, November 9th, at 11 o'clock.

The regular monthly meeting was held on Wednesday, November 14th, at eight o'clock.

The Hospital Committee, of which Mrs. John F. Osborn is Chairman, is planning to assist in bringing Christmas cheer to YD Veterans in various ways, and we urge all representatives of Units which made up the 26th Division to let it be known if there are any men or their families who are ill.

ENGINEER ENTRIES

ECHOES OF "E"

LAURIE GUILD has at last been heard from, we're glad to say. CHARLIE WATSON, SPARROW HOUGHTON, CHARLIE HURTER, HAROLD BROWNSON, RALPH EASTMAN, RUSS FRANCIS were "E" men at the Club smoker. Make this list longer for the next one. Ask any of 'em and they'll tell you what kind of a time they had.

We had our usual good representation at the October 19th celebration of the First Corps of Cadets. It surely was a good time for all of us. CHET THOMAS was one of the strangers in our midst. PHIL TARR was another. The rest were the usual gang of stickers.

Professor S. L. CONNER, who was an instructor at Wentworth Institute and at Tufts during our training period in Boston, is living at 287 Boston Ave., Medford Hillside. CHARLIE HURTER met him a short time ago and he wanted to hear news of the Engineers and to be remembered to all those whom he knew in those far-off days.

Haven't had a report from OKIE O'CONNOR lately, so are short on news.

At the reunion at the Armory, we received the following contribution: "If anybody wants to get plastered, have him see CHET THOMAS." That's quite a lot of publicity for you in one copy, Chet, but we'll let it go.

CAPERS OF "C"

Here we are at last, after all these months of long waiting.

GUY RICHARDSON is a big mogul in the insurance game now, his field of endeavor being down in the Southern part of our glorious country.

"SLIM" WHITTAKER showed up at the first YD Club smoker and admitted that he had been married since we saw him last and was proud of it.

Other "C" men at the smoker were CAHOON, WENNACO, LYNDELL. The last named hero just returned from a tour of South America. Haven't had a report on the souvenirs he picked up yet.

BILLY ROSS still draws pay from the Old Colony Trust Co. BOB LAWRENCE stepped out and got married so a few of us are falling you see.

GEORGE MORRISON is the proud father of a bouncing young man, who will receive a good answer to that old question: "What did you do in the Great War, Papa?"

"Mah-Mah" HARRIS is still in the military game and in his spare time hangs out at Lee, Higginson & Co., State St., Boston.

COOK CORNELL is sporting a new Essex. How do you do it Corny? Tell us, if it isn't a deep secret.

PETE McGARVEY is Chief of Police, as well as the force, in the swell burg of Stoughton, nearby Boston. YD speeders look out!

PRICE can't seem to keep away from chow. He's even doing it now in a restaurant all his own down on Clinton St., Boston. Give us the right address and we'll give you more valuable publicity "Pricey."

NORMY WRIGHT is with the Babbitt outfit, selling caustic soda. How does it mix up?

On account of his wonderful experience with the 101 Genies, McAULEY has secured a fine position as Engineer for the Boston Elevated Railway. No more long hikes for him! He'll draw free passes from now on on the street cars.

"STUBBY" PARENT is now living out on Columbia Road, Dorchester, we understand.

Now that we've got things started let's keep awake, "C" men. It won't take but a few minutes to drop a line to the Club telling the bits of news you pick up as you go about. The above was collected in a few minutes from the three or four who were at the Smoker. If they can produce this, what could the whole gang come through with? Row-de-dow!

FANCIES OF "F"

ANNUAL MAINE LETTER

Each year we have our reunion and from those that are there get a line on some others that are not. But there's one group that we don't see much of,—the State of Maine fellows. You can't blame them much, it's a long trip for one night's fun; but two of them made it last May, and they swear they'll never miss it again. But they haven't forgotten F Company nor the happy day,—as they all now admit it to be,—when they were transferred from the Maine artillery to the best little regiment of niggers in the army.

So, incidentally to track down some news of this bunch, but primarily to enjoy our 14-day annual furlough, we set forth merrily and far from silently in Henry I. on the 2nd of October, destination—Bridgton, Fryeburg, and way-stations.

After an hour putting a new button on the starter, which appeared much less eager to be on its way than we did, we thundered down the street in a roar of glory, bearing aloft our proud banner, "Bridgton or Bust," with the latter alternative highly probable. But with the exception of the engine nearly falling out on the turnpike, we made the trip with only a normal amount of profanity and pyrotechnics.

Stopped three or four days in Biddeford, long enough to allow the fevered brow of poor Henry to resume its normal temperature, and then charged again. It was arranged by telephone that we were to pick up EVERETT (CHARLIE) BURNELL in Naples, where he was working

Daddy & Jack

YD Transportation

for the N. E. T. & T. Co., at 12.00 o'clock. Left Portland with 55 minutes to do thirty miles, and the road under construction about half the distance. Henry I. rose to the occasion, in fact rose several times, and we made it but ten minutes late. Charlie then directed our course, steering by the sun part of the way, and with true mariner's skill brought up at his own front door in Sandy Creek; which, for the benefit of the uninitiated is a part of Bridgton. Here at his house we stayed for the entire time our "permission" lasted.

After dinner we went out gunning for birds, but without any astounding luck, except on the birds' part. We missed so many we decided to lie down, smoke our pipes and talk over old times in France. This column is no place for Nature rhapsodies, but it would take a harder boiled egg than I not to feel a new pulse of life in the presence of the scene spread before us, with Pleasant Mountain in Denmark directly opposite, one flaming glory of autumn color. All right, fellows, that's enough; I can hear it coming, "One,—TWO! SOME——!" I get that way once in a while.

That night Charlie and I celebrated in approved F Company style, and Henry I., having more sense than either of us, brought us home in safety. All I remember was we went to a place called Sweden and the Swedes were having a dance in the Town Hall, both the other buildings being in darkness. Some burg, Sweden, one needs to be lit to appreciate it.

The next day, Sunday, we took a trip through the White Mountains, inquiring at North Conway for JAKE SAVARD. We were informed that he was married last Spring and is living in Chocorua, N. H. We also passed right by ALBERT HOWARD'S house in Intervale, but did not know it until several days later.

Next morning Charlie had to go back to work, and "we" from here on refers only to Henry I. and myself.

On another day we climbed over into North Waterford and discovered our old friend REX MARTIN, who is married and doing his duty for his native State. Rex was full of questions about the F Company men down around Boston and promised to try to get down to the next reunion.

One evening we spent at "TINKER" EDWARD'S house in Bridgton, fighting the war over again, and hearing lots we'd either forgotten or never heard before.

FRANK KNIGHT was also in Bridgton, but was leaving for a position in Medway, Mass.

Over in East Brownfield we tried three times to connect with RALPH EATON, but unsuccessfully. We made the acquaintance, however, of his charming mother, who assured us that Ralph was well and still unmarried.

We did see BERT ST. CLAIR while there, however. Same old Bert. Wanted to know about Brownie, Amos Sordillo, and the rest of the cook-shack crowd. Bert, too, is still on the bachelor list.

Down in Hiram we tried to find "DOC" OSGOOD of YD Show fame, but "Doc" was out of town for the afternoon.

Hunted around for ARTHUR MOWATT, and finally found he was in East Baldwin, which was outside our sector, so had to pass up seeing him.

One afternoon we went over to Fryeburg. The first Company man we found there was "SHINE" POTTER who was painting a roof. He kindly invited us to stay for supper, so, while waiting for quitting time, we went up to toss the bull with LYMAN ELA who is still in the employ

of Uncle Samuel as assistant to the postmaster. Lyman is married and living in Fryeburg. Going to Shine's house for supper, I found a newcomer since last year, making two in all, a boy and a girl.

After supper we went across the river,—through an old covered bridge,—to see LEON SHIRLEY. Leon also is married and has a youngster, sex unknown to me, as he or she was in bed when we arrived. Here we spent two or three hours back in the old sectors, recalling incidents both amusing and otherwise. Leon said that JOHNNY GOODWIN had been through there this summer and stopped to see him. He and Shine asked about nearly every one in the Company.

Leaving there, Shine and I went up the road to PARKER BYRON'S. Parker had turned in, but we went up long enough to shake hands and exchange greetings. Parker is also still enjoying single blessedness.

F Company had some more boys from Maine,—Godfrey, Bunker, Polyot, and others,—but they were from other parts of the State. Nothing would please us more than to hear from them and nothing would surprise us more than if we did.

We spread the propaganda of the reunion and banquet next Spring, and hope to see the whole crew then.

Whenever you get a chance, F Company men, take a tip from me, there's a warm welcome waiting for you down in that country.

Got a letter from "Our Far Western Correspondent,"—RUFE NORTHUP.

Rufe writes:—

". . . . . going from San Francisco to Los Angeles last week or so, and went up into the smoker for a puff, and who was sitting there but JOE KENNA, with his old corncob pipe, kicking up an awful smoke. Recognized him right away; had dinner with him in Los Angeles. From there he was going to Phoenix to see BRANSCOMB, then to New Orleans and home. He was taking a trip around the United States."

Met MATTY HOWARD the other day. He reports that BOB ORCHARD has just made the fatal step, and suggests that F Company form a bachelor club, with himself and yours truly as charter members.

At the anniversary celebration of the birthday of the First Corps of Cadets, F Company was represented by EDDIE BRUSH, KIMMIE GARLAND, REDFIELD, SAM PAWSEY, JOCK GERRISH, DEWEY REDMOND, WILKIE, RED KEENAN, ED PURDY, DOUG MACPHERSON, JOHN MILLER, ABIE PARKER.

There may have been others, that's all we saw.

Send in some news, will you, fellows; I can't keep up this month's average forever.

—PHILIP N. SANBORN,
10 Neponset Ave., Hyde Park.

NOVEMBER SMOKER

The first of the Boston Club's monthly Smokers was held Thursday, November 1st. About 300 were present, and it is a safe bet that every one of them will attend the next. General Cole presided, and Judge Michael Murray of the Boston bench delivered a rousing address on "Americanism." Best of all, the gathering was a genuine reunion. The cup offered in the Cowboy Pool tournament was presented to E. F. Tandy, the winner. The YD Veterans Band offered its services, and played throughout the evening.

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Taps

Fear not that ye have died for naught,
The torch ye threw to us we caught!
Ten million hands will hold it high,
And Freedom's light shall never die!
We've learned the lesson that ye taught
In Flanders Field! *R. W. Lillard*

GEORGE V. DOWD, Company L, 101st Infantry, died at the home of his parents, 128 Magazine St., Cambridge. He was to be married on that eve to Miss Margaret B. Smith, also of Cambridge. He was severely gassed and wounded while in the service.

JAMES W. CULLEN, Company D, 102nd Infantry, died on Tuesday, October 8, 1923, at the Veterans' Mountain Camp, Tupper Lake. Funeral was held Saturday, October 13, at St. Mary's Church, South Glens Falls. Glens Falls Lodge of Elks conducted memorial services at his late home, 26 Second Street, South Glens Falls.

The body of GEORGE DILBOY, 103d Infantry, YD Medal of Honor man, reached this country October 29, and an effort is being made by the Dilboy Post, V. F. W., to have the body lie in state in Somerville on Armistice Day and be interred with full military honors in St. Michael's Cemetery, West Roxbury. Dispatches from Washington, however, indicate the Government's intention to place the body in the National Cemetery at Arlington, in accordance with the alleged wishes of his parents. At the time of going to press the issue has not been decided.

BRIDGEPORT X. Y. D.'s
By Dick Barlow

WILLIAM P. ADAMS of Ridgefield (who is physical director at the Danbury High School), while operating his automobile on October 9th, struck and fatally injured Donald McLean, aged eleven. Bill was not held by the coroner, as investigation proved that the child had run directly in front of the car.

CLIFFORD FULTON is now a patient at Public Service Hospital No. 81, New York City.

ALBERT TISKA is employed at the Locomobile plant and is living at 435 Maplewood Avenue. Sure, he is married.

ALBERT HONECK has completed his vocational training course in metallurgy. "Pop" was a former blacksmith, and will no doubt make good in his new vocation.

DICK BARLOW finally devised a scheme to get out of the Poor House and is now employed by the Connecticut Humane Society, in their Bridgeport office.

Quite a few birds from the old outfit are located in stores about the center of the city: CHARLEY WILKERSON is at the Riker Drug Store; FRED JOHNSON is with the Chester Clothing Company; JERRY SCOTT is with the Meigs Clothing Company; GEORGE BLACKMAN is with the Wheeler & Co. Feed Store; ROY POMEROY is at the postoffice; and SPENC WILLS and BILLY WEST are at the Dutte Flint Ford Agency.

MARTIN NORUP, who is employed in the blacksmith shops of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company at New Haven, has moved to West Haven.

Gosh, all pea brush, I don't seem to have much dope to put in this here epistle of mine this month. You know, men, when a feller gets to bringin' up two or three youngsters it's hard to keep track of what them young fellers be a-doin'.

RADIO PROGRAM FOR TODAY

Station X.Y.D. (1918 Meters)

I. Selections by Ping Ping Female Quartet: ODA VIE, MINNIE WERFER, OLIVE DRABE, VERA LITES.
   (*a*) "Madelon from Armentieres."
   (*b*) "Where do we go from here, boys?"
II. Live Stock Reports, by O.D. SHIRTZ.
III. French Bugle Calls, by 101st Infantry Band.
IV. Piano Duet, by BIERE BROS. (Boocoo and Fini) "I may be gone for a long, long time."
V. Selections by 102nd Mess Kit Band (Tin pieces)
   (*a*) "When do we eat?"
   (*b*) "All we do is sign the pay roll."
VI. Road Reports, by Scout Planes.
VII. Reading, "Shirts Alive," by HAFFA KANDIL.
VIII. Twilight Games:
   (*a*) "Playing Rat-ta-tat with Jerry," by BOB WIRE
   (*b*) "Paint 'em with Iodine and mark 'em duty," by C. C. PILZS.
   (*c*) "Read 'em and weep," by FRANK ROPER
IX. Lessons in Trigernometry, by N. FIELD.
X. "Where is my wandering boy tonight?" by MRS. BERGDOLL.
XI. Closing Number. Grand Finale, Mardi Gras, Whoop 'er up, Pow wow and Fini, led by ARMA STICE.

Same operator, same announcer, signing off at six bells, November 11th.

STILL ANOTHER ANGLE

Editor YANKEE DOINGS:

I have been very much interested, not to say astonished, at the controversy over the wearing of the YD by the present National Guard Division. I have a great many memories woven in and out of the YD, but it seems to me that the stand taken by many of our fellows is based on a misapprehension of facts.

Having been in the National Guard for twenty years before the war, my service took me back to the time when all organizations wore their own distinctive and peculiar uniforms. There was never any question of waiting for a man to prove his worth before being allowed to put on the white, red or gray coat of the organization he joined. Those uniforms had just as proud a historical foundation as our YD.

I see no reason why the same objections could not be raised to the use of the numerical designation for the Division, as certainly twenty-sixth division and YD are inseparably linked. The same is true, to a slightly lesser extent, with the olive drab uniform itself.

The use of the YD which to me is abhorrent and inexcusable, is that to which it has been put by doing business under it; in other words, capitalizing for financial gain the reputation so dearly earned.

One of your correspondents stated that every man who wore the YD earned the right through weeks and months of front line service. I think the facts show him to be dis-

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tinctly in error, as there were many men who had been with the Division but a very short time before, if they did not come to us actually after the Armistice.

I know of one case where a man joined the Division twenty-four hours before the Armistice and is now widely advertising his business under the designation "YD."

If the younger generation is to wear our uniform and try (and they undoubtedly will if called upon) to live up to our reputation, they should certainly be entitled to the use of the YD as a part of that uniform.

—PHILIP L. SCHUYLER.

FLICKERS FROM THE 104th

BOSTON UNIT will hold its next meeting in the form of a monster Get-Together at the YD Club on Thursday, November 22. A fine entertainment is planned, everything free. French Consul J. C. J. Flamand, who has just returned from his trip home, will make his report upon the reception of the 104th greetings which he delivered to the towns of Sartes, Pompierre and Harreville. Officers will be elected, the following nominations having been presented: For Commander, Joseph J. Gannon, Edward J. Connelly, David Lannigan. For Vice-Commander, H. Chester Hobbs, Wallace C. Day, Francis J. Dowd. For Secretary-Treasurer, C. L. Ruddock. For Executive Council, (2), Thomas J. Marley, Russell A. Harmon, William G. Saunders, C. J. Ferguson.

GOLD PIECE offered by the Boston Unit was drawn for at the October meeting. The lucky bird was Cornelius F. Condrick, of 45 Bowker Street, Brookline, formerly a member of the 3rd Pioneers. Says it's the first time he ever won a prize.

LAST MONTH we carelessly misstated the name of the benefactor of the town of Hattonchatel. It should have been Miss Belle Skinner, of Holyoke. First mistake we ever made, but the little slip-of-the-tongue gave us the satisfaction of discovering that 104th men follow "Flickers" with an eagle eye.

EDDIE BARNETT drifted into Boston Unit meeting. He has been most all over the old world since we saw him, and brought word from "OLE" DELAITTRE, now settled down in Minneapolis. Eddie is in the lumber business, and will operate from Worcester.

E. W. LANGLEY and GEORGE SLATER summered at Ellsworth, Maine, as guests of the Government, TINKER of Headquarters Company was also a visitor.

NED HORNIBROOK, of Company C, has left Worcester for Los Angeles, family to follow. As soon as we get his permanent address we will notify the YD contingent there, which will gain a live addition.

MAJOR EDMUND J. SLATE has been placed in charge of arrangements for the 1924 Apremont Day Reunion at Holyoke, and things are already buzzing. His address is 271 Franklin Street.

GEORGE WHITE has been named as captain of the 104th team of the YD Bowling League. The team intends to clean up, and all bowlers are urged to try out for the team.

BATTERY "A" BARRAGE

At times we meet, stop and talk a while, and hand out whatever news we may happen to have about the old gang. Then we go home and forget about it. What happens? We fail to find it in YANKEE DOINGS.

The other evening, while giving the corner of Tremont and Boylston Streets the once-over, we met a few of the boys and listened to a little of this:

ED LANE was married on October 10th to Miss Helen M. Burke of Arlington, Mass. They will be at home to their friends after November 15th.

BUD FISHER bought a new Gardner. Then he tried to wreck it. But why should one of our old mechanics have to take his bus to a repair shop to have it fixed, we ask?

CHARLIE TEMPLE and family made the long trip from Waltham to Watertown recently and stopped over to see FRED POTTER. Charlie reports that Fred's back-door neighbor is our old friend JOE BAILEY.

We understand that CHAPIN is married and teaching school down Connecticut way.

Evidently JOE WILNER has given up thinking about the good of the boys. Otherwise we would have some interesting news to pass along.

Where are GIFFORD, WALDO, WHEELWRIGHT, CHANDLER, and the special detail section these days? Shoot them in, boys.

Mechanics TOMMY WILLIAMS and EBEN BROWN are out in Los Angeles seeking further prospects in the building game.

BATTERY A of the 101st Field Artillery cleaned up the Knox Trophy Competition, held on October 12th, for the best battery in the Massachusetts National Guard. This being the third year that it has won, Battery A gets permanent possession of the Trophy. The total points gained by Battery A were 52½ out of a possible 60. The others competing were Battery C of the 102d (Lawrence) and Battery E of the 102d (Lynn). The officers of Battery A are Captain Theodore L. Storer, 1st Lieut. Henry S. Derby, 1st Lieut. Henry V. O'Day and 2d Lieut. James A. Wilkie, all former members of the Yankee Division overseas.

A REAL OLD-FASHIONED REUNION was held on October 12th by the 101st and 102d Field Artilleries, at their old stamping ground at Boxford. Over four hundred turned out for the fun. The big interest of the day was the Knox Trophy Competition. Between that and baseball games and chinning over old times, and (well, it wasn't the Desert of Sahara), there was not a sign of an idle moment all day long.

PERCY CATTON says he is married and living out on Church Street, Watertown.

BEN JAMES helped the boys renovate the dance hall floor at the Club. Ben doesn't change much. BUNNY WELSH assisted in the waxing of the floor by appearing at the Boston Insurance Company's dance the following night.

REMEMBER

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LESLIE D. MUNN (Company F, 101st Engineers) writes from Somerville, N. J.: "My DOINGS came this morning and has been perused from cover to cover as per always. I read that Dave Swartz has not been able to locate any of the YD bunch in the 'Mosquito State.' Here's one; GEORGE CARKHUFF, formerly Company C, 102nd Machine Gun, is another; there is one living in Raritan and another in Bound Brook. So it goes. Maybe Dave, I hope he'll pardon the familiarity, lives somewhere around here and we can get in touch with one another. Please send me an application blank so that I can sign Carkhuff as a member of the Club. Let me know where Brother Swartz hangs his hat and I'll drop him a line."

Colonel ARTHUR N. PAYNE, formerly commander of the 26th M. P. Company, has been appointed Transportation Manager of the Associated Industries of Massachusetts, a well-earned promotion which will delight his many friends in the YD, in the railroad fraternity, and in the O. R. C., in which he at present commands the 376th Infantry, 96th Division. Incidentally, his chief assistant is FRANCIS J. DOWD, efficient secretary of Boston Unit, 104th Infantry Association.

J. ALDEN TWACHTMAN, formerly colonel, 103rd F. A., has been spending the past year in France, with his family. He writes: "I found the YD warmly remembered by the inhabitants everywhere in spite of there being few memorials or markers to indicate its positions and advances. In contrast, the 2nd Division has a line of boulders with its insignia marking its advance at Chateau-Thierry. I saw no physical evidence of any troops except the Marines and the 3rd Division. Thus, erroneous history is being learned by visiting Americans, who have no other means of knowing the troops engaged in the various operations or the work they did."

PORTLAND PARAGRAPHS

DONALD F. McGREW and ALBERT S. WORTHEN have been elected President and Vice-President, respectively, of the YD Club of Portland; those offices having become vacant through the removal of Comrades BLANCHARD and McCLAIN. President McGrew, "Dangerous Dan" of One-Pounder fame, is an old-timer well known throughout the Division. Worthen likewise served at Laredo, Texas, with the old 2nd Maine Infantry, was made second looey during the guerre, and has just recently mustered in a bouncing baby girl, a husky boy being already on the rolls.

THE AUXILIARY gave the Club a grand Halloween party on October 25, following a short business session in which President McGrew outlined plans for his administration. Great credit is due the ladies in charge, notably Miss

Sylvia Moody, Mrs. Percy Witham, Mrs. William Roache Mrs. Fred Danfield, Mrs. Lynch and Miss Witham. The features included a palmistry exhibition by Madame Zenobie, an address on Americanism by George Sullivan, games, dancing and refreshments.

DICK FARNUM, sergeant of the Mounted Scouts, 103d Infantry, dropped in for the party. He has covered considerable ground since 1919, including soldiering at Presidio, San Francisco, and engineering on one of the fast ones of the Maine Central. Needless to say, he has been signed up as a member of the Portland Club.

JOHN A. LAVORGNA, 28 Free Street, Portland, who served with Company B, 103d Infantry, has become a member of the Portland YD Club.

CONGRATULATIONS

CHARLES A. BEAU, formerly 102nd Field Artillery, announces the arrival of Constance Ann, born on October 21, 1923.

WILLIE REPORTS

Dear Mr. Editor:

I cannot tell you how pleased I was to see that Mr. M. T. Wallett should have remembered poor little me after all these months.

I have hesitated about writing in again, but I talked the matter over with my big brother Diddy and my other brother Woody and they thought it would be all right for me to write in again, especially as I have an idea (I think it is one) for you, Mr. Editor.

Here it is: Seeing as how we are the 26th Division, I think it would be nice to issue DOINGS on the 26th of each month—then the 26th would mean still more to us than it does now, as it would bring your excellent publication to us on that date.

I trust you will pardon my presumption in writing and I won't take any more time telling what I'd buy if I had the "jack" to take me over to France with something left over to buy something besides a few rhum chaudes (this is the season) every day.

As ever, still your old friend and admirer,

—WILLIE PRINTIT

APOLOGIES

Owing to the demands of our advertisers for space, DOINGS finds it necessary to defer the next installment of the Signal Corps History until next month, when the editors promise to redeem themselves.

The latest Life Member to join our ranks is none other than "Fighting Jack" GREENWAY, so well known to all Engineers and 101st Infantry men. Greetings and a long life!

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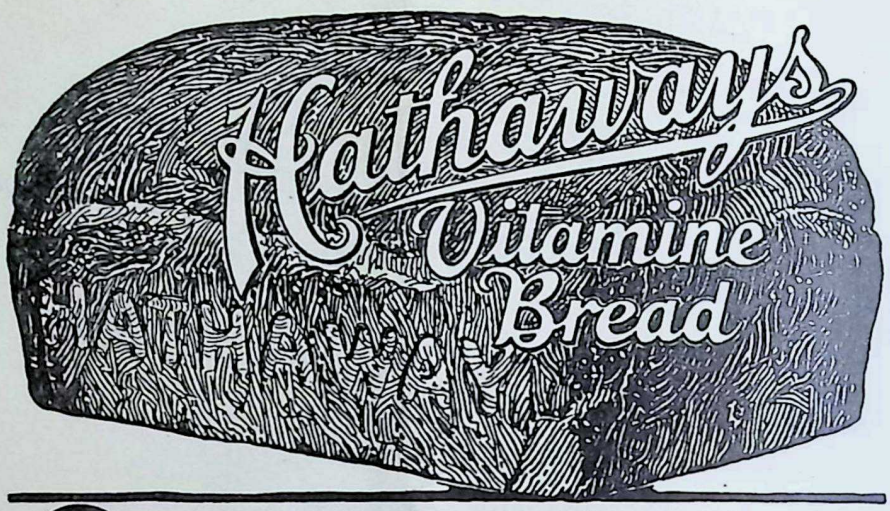

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